

A Galaxy of Female Combat

FIGHTING GALS MONTHLY

No. 187

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FIGHTING GALS MONTHLY

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Editorial



Welcome to your latest issue of FIGHTING GALS MONTHLY.

Brutal Boxing is the first story. Part one commences this time and is written by the inimitable Consort. A First Grapple, another Part One by the enthusiastic lively storyteller Beaker continues in the next issue. Also by Beaker in FGM 187 is the cleverly titled Tram(p) Lines. A.S. of North Yorkshire relates tales of past remembered fights and street brawls and hopes that others may recall long ago tussles. Crushed Velvet by Cornerman is this superb writer's contribution in this issue and guess what? Yes, this too continues next time.

Action Promotions dazzles readers with the voluptuous Foxy Lady - the one and only Stella Fox.

Ray D Westrell has a brilliant computer enhanced photo piece entitled The Wonderful Vicki Williams.

I await your comments for the next issue, together with any stories.

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BRUTAL BOXING - BY CONSORT

PART ONE

I had long realised that Kristine Katt held strong feelings about Sylvia Burt and it wasn't hard to figure out why. Without going into intimate details it was clear Kris regarded the tall striking brunette with the fabulous figure as a rival. And it was equally obvious that the bad feeling was returned. These ladies not only didn't like each other. They had a score to settle as well.

So when the luscious Sylvia formed an alliance with the bosomy blonde bombshell Eileen Barnes and the two powerful big women proposed a tag boxing match Cornerman and I were very keen to see it. Eileen was still not subjugated and crushed into submission despite her two tag defeats, one with Kristine, the other which at least had started with Margaret Doyle as her partner. Our ladies seemed less keen.

"We've thrashed the big blonde twice, I would have thought that was enough" said the lovely Kris, looking suitably leggy and gorgeous as we sat around after a meal in their lounge. "Anyway you know boxing wouldn't be my first choice". And his pretty woman squeezed our host's hand.

I knew Cornerman couldn't bring himself to say it to his lover so I voiced the thought instead.

"It couldn't be because you're a bit, you know, apprehensive of facing the formidable Miss Burt could it Kristine?" I said softly.

His chestnut haired beauty flushed prettily.

"Are you trying to suggest I'm scared of her?" she flared.

I held up a hand. "No no only if you two beauties don't accept their challenge, think how it'll look".

Sue ran her hand along my leg to the knee. "He's right" she said to her partner "I mean like you Kris I think we've proved our point after two comprehensive victories. But think of the mileage the bitches will get out of it if we fight them" she looked at me "I want you in my corner. No straying into hers ever again".

There was a silence. I said "Those are pretty harsh terms beautiful". Sue arched an eyebrow. I nodded.

"Okay if you win".

Kris said "Alright but I want the same conditions".

"If you two darlings knock the tar out of them both, alright" Cornerman said his eyes meeting Kris's. And this time she kissed him.

So the challenge was accepted and two days later all four girls were climbing into the ring at the Pink Flamingo nightclub, tensely keyed up for a monumental epoch making contest. Our two sirens came through the ropes looking like smoking dynamite, Sue in her snug fitting silky red trunks which accentuated every curve. Kris looking equally glorious in rich cobalt blue trunks and not much of them, matching her boots and gloves. Miss Burt had gone for a stunning look of tasselled black leather, menacing but sexy, her open zip up jacket showing off inviting acres of what was clearly a firm, outstanding and male enticing pair of boobs. Her trunks were sensationally also black leather and they shimmered with her every sensuous movement. This was a

woman who certainly knew how to tease.

She was broad shouldered, her rich auburn hair attractive and her face striking as she shed her jacket in a slow, mouth watering movement and stretched, seeming to thrust her already prominent breasts in Cornerman's direction. The lovely Miss Katt was fuming. Sylvia smiled smugly. She knew when she'd upstaged a rival.

And Eileen? Well, I'd never seen pale lemon trunks that were virtually transparent before. And the well endowed blonde champion only too aware that I would be there with Sue had refrained from wearing any knickers or g-string with them. She looked as sexy as hell as the light coloured bush erupted at the vee of her groin and rivalled the twin peaks of her erect nipples as the sort of eye-catching tourist attraction that would bring men in from miles around.

Certainly I mused looking at the two powerful muscled and wide shouldered sirens opposite, these are two tough big girls, our more slender, seductive beauties are up against this time. And I knew just how badly Eileen burned to even the score after the beatings she'd taken recently. But Kris and Susie didn't seem fazed so it began amidst that wonderful frisson of sex and desire brought out when a man's beautiful lover is fighting an equally physical ravishing rival.

So there we were in the Dragon Gym belonging to Sam, a friend of Eileen's who was in the opposite corner looking after both women. Eileen had insisted on setting the conditions of the fight so I had nominated the referee, the lovely blonde Gail Ramsay, an apple breasted sweetheart who



who was centre ring now dressed in a low cut silk top and short skirt, both in red, one classy lady.

She held the envelope Eileen had given her containing the rules. Kris beside me said "I don't trust that blonde bitch" and I smiled at her and said "Then you are as wise as you are beautiful". It was playful flirting, but to my surprise I got a reaction. Then Gail was speaking all attention was on her.

"Ladies and gentleman" she read from the card she'd just taken from the envelope. "This will be a no time limit, hit anywhere boxing tag match. All fighters will wear six ounce gloves and it will last for as many rounds as it takes. When a fighter is knocked down her opponent has two choices to allow a count or attempt to pin her. If a boxer is counted out she is out of the fight and her partner carries on without her for the rest of that round. If she can, she can resume in the next round. If a fighter is prevented from falling there is no count and the fight goes on. At round's end the fighters have one minute to return to their corners and two before the next round begins. If a fighter wishes she may interrupt the pin or count and drag the other woman back to her feet.

Sue looked at me "This is going to be rough" I nodded and heard Kris mutter "The bitch" softly as she heard the terms. But Eileen had one more trick in her locker.

"In addition two out of the four sides of the ring will have a mild electric current passing through them during each round. Current is switched around by a random selector on the small generator in the corner". So that was what the green box was by the ring post. Hell, this was getting nasty.

Our girls were horrified.

"You can't do that!" Sue called out.

"What do you mean, a mild

electric current?" Kris blazed.

Eileen blazed back hands on hips. "What do you think it means you stupid pregnant cow? And yes Sue dearie, I CAN do it, your man gave me carte blanche to write the rules".

There was a hushed silence. I said "I did say that in return for getting a truly neutral ref, sorry girls".

"Oh great" Sue muttered. Eileen gave her a smile that had no humour in it.

"Is that too tough for you pair of goody two shoes?" she sneered. "You think you can handle it and us?"

"You bloody bitch" Kris her dander up, responded pride making her look pretty as a picture. Her bust heaved beautifully. "We'll sort you out, you and that slut Burt".

And Sylvia called across to her husband.

"Kiss your little girl goodbye Cornerman baby. She's going out of here on a slab.

Kris was still fuming as the bell went for round one and she and Sylvia entered the ring, two hellish lovely femmes fatales. Presumably the current went on somewhere on two sides of the ring, which two of course was anyone's guess - but it was a great incentive not to get caught in the ropes.

"Have you ever seen this type of match?" I said turning to Cornerman.

"No" he replied "but I can tell you one thing it's going to be vicious and someone's gonna get hurt".

You didn't exactly see sparks sizzling off the electrified ropes as both these magnificent women circled, fencing, sparring at one another but it was clearly an added element to the fight that was in everyone's minds. The first girl to be bullied into the ropes could be in for a nasty shock. Literally. And on top of the pain from the ropes there would be the pain of her opponent's fists

greedily driving into her body, doubling the agony.

Sensing Kris's nervousness, Sylvia bounced forward, her beautifully shaped pink breasts keeping time on her chest and drilled a couple of jabs at Kris's face. The long haired sweetheart, looking heavenly, swayed and brushed the right hander aside with a defensive glove, taking her other on her forearm.

Undaunted Sylvia attacked again, and then again and the third time Cornerman's luscious wife found her defences pierced, not quite fast enough she suffered a rockhard right to the chin and as her head jerked back, the superbly feminine figure of Miss Burt whipped a cuffing left hook to the head, the glove smacking Kris over the ear and sending her hair flying.

Kris backed off, feeling the effects of Miss Burt's headhunting punches and realising there was maybe some truth in those rumours that the bigger woman had been regularly at work on the weights in her local gym. Looking sleek and swelter like some dangerous panther, Sylvia pressed after her, jabbing and darting at his first lady's face. Then as Kris's gloves climbed to guard herself, we all watched her slam a brace of full weight blows, beauties, into the punchy wife's navel and solar plexus area.

Kris Katt doubled forward, that shapely derriere wobbling and Sylvia Burt, her long time rival, won all the opening points with a double dose of leather medicine hooked up and into the blue trunked beauty's bare, cherishable beauties, the lady's ripe nipples, her gloves biting into his darling's conical pleasuredomes.

Kris gasped and moaned at the first breast blows and bit her lip. Worse than that tough, Sylvia dropped her right hand and hammered low into the swell of Cornerman's champion, catching her full in the belly and sending her lurching into the ropes.

We waited our hearts in our mouths along with our breath to see the awful effect of her bare back against the electrified cords. But nothing happened, and so we all knew which two opposite sets of ropes were wired at least for this round.

As Kristine breathed a sigh of relief however, Sylvia her muscled shoulders rippling, was punching it out of her, two more shots landing in the potent curve of her belly. That fertile area thrumming with womb punished pain, the Katt at last showed her class.

Using the ropes to push her forward she ducked her head and whipped two leather bombs of her own into Miss Burt's stomach. The tall leggy brunette grunted and as her shoulders hunched forward Cornerman's shapely wife punched into Sylvia's globe like breasts.

This time the heavier woman gasped and Kris, escaping out of the ropes by sliding around her

opponent, hammered two strong leads in to the good looker's head, the second catching La Burt close to the right eye. Jolted back apace, Sylvia felt the power of an angry Miss Katt's fists. But then she'd always known Kris could and would fight for her man. She then fired a couple into the lovely Kristine's kidneys.

We all watched Kris cry out at that and try and twist away. Equally clearly the aggressive Ms.Burt her muscles rippling as she warmed to this most pleasant of tasks, dug another couple of powerful shots into the smaller woman's kidneys, grinding her gloves in with some relish into that vulnerable area of the woman she loved to hate.

With a fervent passion Sylvia Burt brushed aside Kris's attempt to sock her on the jaw and gritted her teeth as Miss Katt's right glove found her bare left breast and impaled itself on it. And the taller brunette in the sexy figure hugging black leather trunks

blasted a right onto Kris's jaw and as Katt's head snapped around, followed it up with a combination of breast punches that forced my companion's woman back towards the ropes that definitely weren't simply harmless cords.

"Drop Kris"! Cornerman called out, quite anxious for his girl. "Go down on one knee girl!"

But his beautiful home grown pusskatt, not experienced in a special rules match of this kind, wasn't as quick at seeing the danger as her mate. Also bear in mind her back was turned to the danger area. Sylvia's eyes however positively lit up and she landed a smack flat on the sweet little bush of her opponent's blue covered beaver before a further storm of pummeling leather blows drove Katt backwards a pace, and then another, into the danger area.

Cornerman and I watched, Sue clinging to me with wonderfully feminine gasps as we all saw it

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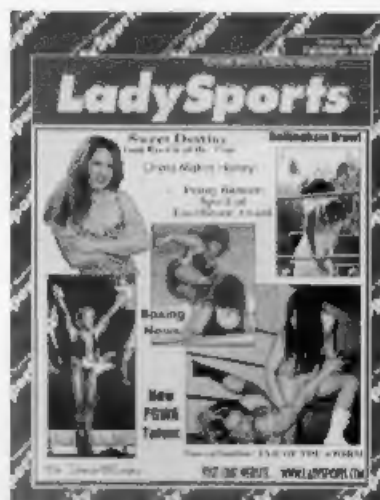
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happen, the brunette, her back exposed and bare, was forced into the ropes, Sylvia landing a right flush on Kris's jaw to put her there.

The reaction was instant. As Miss Katt made to loll in the cords, the current passing through the souped up ropes hit her, giving her a shuddering jolt. Kristine straightened prettily, flinching and twisting to get away. Worse all her attention had gone from her bosomy opponent to the pain in her back flaming through her skin. And bravely as she lashed out at Miss Burt, the detested bigger woman swayed around her pulverising fists and got home with two hard and brutally intended blows.

The first crushed the still youthful looking KK's nose rendering it as flat as a piece of putty. Kris sobbed and her globe like breasts bounced entrancingly. Burt slugged her other hard knuckled fistful bullet deep into the Katt's right eye.

For one horrible moment we feared the cruel, maybe crucial punches would sling Kris back into the burning torture of the ropes again. Instead the shapely, seductive looking beauty twisted and dropped to her knees and then heavily down onto her elbows from whence the red weals across her bare back were clearly visible. From across the ring the busty blonde called out "Great work partner! Give the bitch a cuntache"! even as Cornerman was busily going down on one knee and crooning through the ropes to his battered woman "Come on darling you're the champion Kris!"

Gail, the pretty ref, got between Sylvia and her fallen prey and Kris stumbling up at seven made it to the safe side of the ring and tagged out to Sue who bounced in lithely against the strong looking dark haired beauty in black leather.

Sylvia showed no inclination to tag with her partner although

I knew the blonde would be keen to make a fistful impression on my luscious brunette champion. Instead, the women boxed and weaved, the glossy red of Fraser's trunks clinging seductively to the rounded swell of her belly and contrasting with the deep shiny black that emphasised Burt's well rounded derriere.

Sue threw a couple of good, confident red gloved bombshells at her opponent's wonderfully thrusting pair but Sylvia, light on her feet and fast, danced almost gracefully aside, showing off her hips so that neither punch hit home. As Kris's partner slapped her in the shoulder and then missed her entirely, the long haired auburn beauty sent a flashing uppercut full weight to connect with the brunette's chin and as Sue's head rocked back, Sylvia hacked away with two, three, four body blows that hit home heavily to my girl's bare midsection.

Sue swung again, this time connecting with the side of Sylvia's left boob as she felt her own guts churning. Ms.Burt seemed to almost ignore the breast punch and responded with an exocet of a right that absolutely crushed my poor baby's pretty little nose.

This time Sue wailed and was sent stumbling towards the far corner. Burt following her, faked a left at the other woman's eyes and scythed an undercut deep into the vee of Fraser's tight fitting trunks. As sensitive as the best of them down there, Sue flinched and sobbed and found herself pinned to the corner. Sylvia looking darkly magnificent, a real storming tigress, belly punched my woman again.

And as the woman I loved made to move out of the corner, a yellow glove hit her in the kidney, causing her to yell and jerk upright in a spasm of pain. A glance to all, Eileen was on the apron, by the unelectrified ropes and behind my champion.

Sylvia hit a worried looking Sue on the jaw just as Eileen hit her in the lower back. Desperately Miss Fraser tried to look over her shoulder and as Gail stepped in the bombshell in black drove a full knuckle kiss into her squirming, already hurt opponent's wonderfully erogenous pussy region. It dropped her, lips twisted and one glove desperately fumbling at protecting her public mound. Sue went to one knee.

Gail told Eileen to back off, suspecting foul play. Of course the blonde denied it. "Shit we're in trouble" I heard Cornerman mutter along from me. But Sue bless her, wasn't so easily intimidated. Rising at '6' she fainted at Ms.Burt's jaw and hooked a beauty into her ribcage. Eileen's partner foiled, wagging her bum delightfully. Sue hit her with a sharp right to the chin and followed it with two full weight slugging blows, an uppercut crunched alongside Sylvia's jaw and a bash to the side of the head that sent Ms Burt staggering her hair flying and lent meaning to the expression "cauliflower ear".

Now Sylvia looked for her partner. Eileen clinging on the bottom rope was extending her arm as far into the ring as she could, aware of her partner's need to swap places. Her vagina throbbing unpleasantly, Sue was determined not to be sidelined so easily. As if she was kickboxing, she brought her right leg up and pivoting drove the soft leather boot hard into the brunette's crotch. Her eyes unwisely on her partner, Sylvia howled as the heel ground its way up against her love nest, doing the lady no favours at all.

Burt clutched at her groin and folded up and Fraser, with an athletic leap, to everyone's surprise but especially Eileen's suddenly was flying at the big blonde and grabbing her extended forearm in her gloved mitts, pulled lustily.

The heavy breasted amazon on the ring apron yelled with the realisation of what was happening to her. Yanked forward violently, the powerful boxer, her lemon trunks clinging to her crotch in all too transparent glory, was pulled inexorably forward until her huge mounds wobbling, the busty Eileen was doing an involuntary somersault over the top rope to land with a stunning crash on her back in the fight arena. Suddenly Gail had three ladies in the ring to deal with!

Eileen wasn't up to participating for a moment, though. Her spine was giving her hell where her back had made spectacularly solid contact with the floor, although Sue showed she understood the nature of the contest by following the ropes and exercising her option to attempt a pin on the downed woman. The fact that the latter was there illegally was neither here nor there, to her anyway.

Her red trunks fitting her like a second skin, Sue jumped at the chance to pulverise her old enemy Miss Barnes, literally as she dropped both knees heavily onto the blonde's forearms. Eileen howled grateful the brunette hadn't been bitch enough to bomb her big breasts, and her bottom writhed on the canvas very prettily. The chestnut haired brunette bounced her bottom deliberately all over the blonde's big spiky nipples tits and Miss Fraser declared all out war by punching Eileen until blood was dripping from her nose. Stepping forward Gail ordered Sue to rise. No effect.

"The blonde shouldn't be in the ring, now let her up!"

"Well she bloody well is" Sue responded "and now I've got her horizontal I'm going to keep - yeowwww!"

The problem resolved itself, or rather Sylvia resolved it, recovering from the kick to her

pussy and burning with anger at the pretty brunette, she used her own knees to butt Sue in the backbone and spill her forward onto the floor.

Suddenly as Eileen began to rise, it was two against one. But not for long. Again because their attentions were focused in one place, the Barnes/Burt team missed Kris's entrance through the ropes on silent tiptoe. Being a typical woman she assaulted her rival, the auburn haired Sylvia, a forearm round the throat pulling Ms. Burt up short before four rapid whip hard fists cudgeoled her kidneys, having her arching and in trouble. Delighted to get her revenge, Kristine followed the last punch with a vindictive kick into that tempting, well rounded black covered bottom and to her horror Sylvia was sent flying into the electrified ropes.

"What a sight! This most beautiful of sleek, sexy wild animals howled as her outthrust breasts, then her crotch, were slung full into the ropes. Stinging pain hit both areas like the lash of a whip across her intimate parts. The bell coincided with La Burt falling heavily to the canvas, her gloves caressing the smooth mounds of her breasts and the curve of her cunt. It was what you'd call a highly successful end to the fracas for our golden girls the angels, Kris and Sue.

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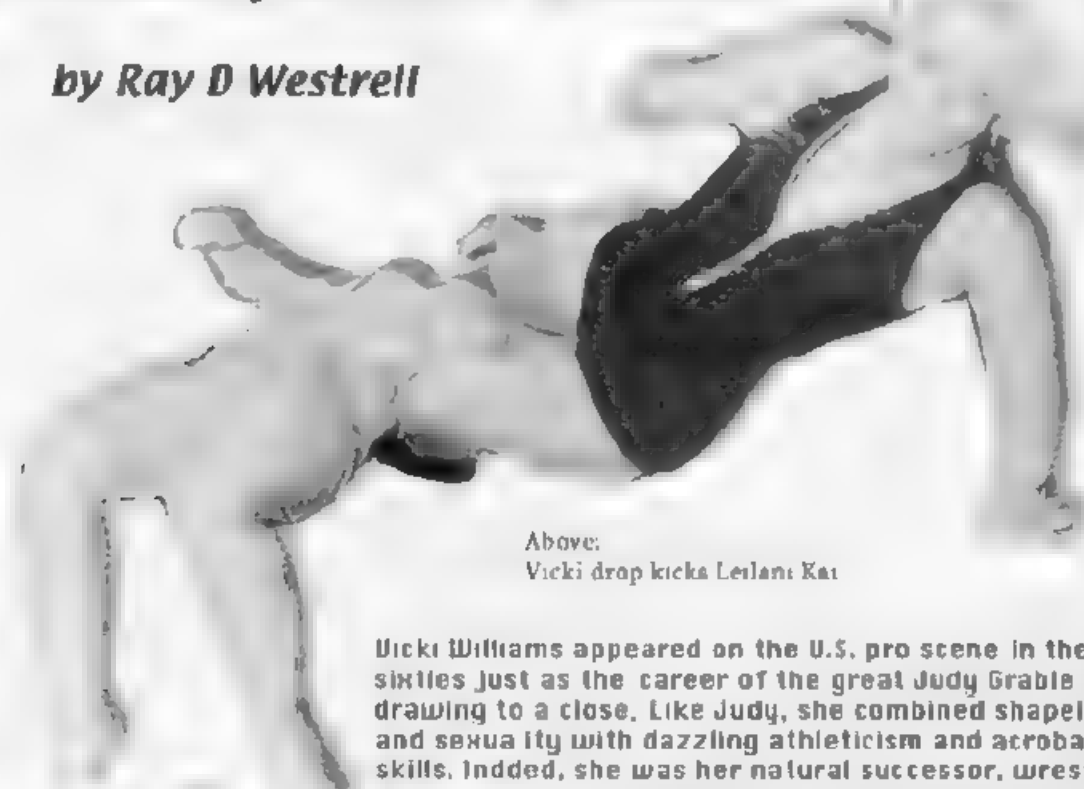


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The Wonderful Vicki Williams

by Ray D Westrell

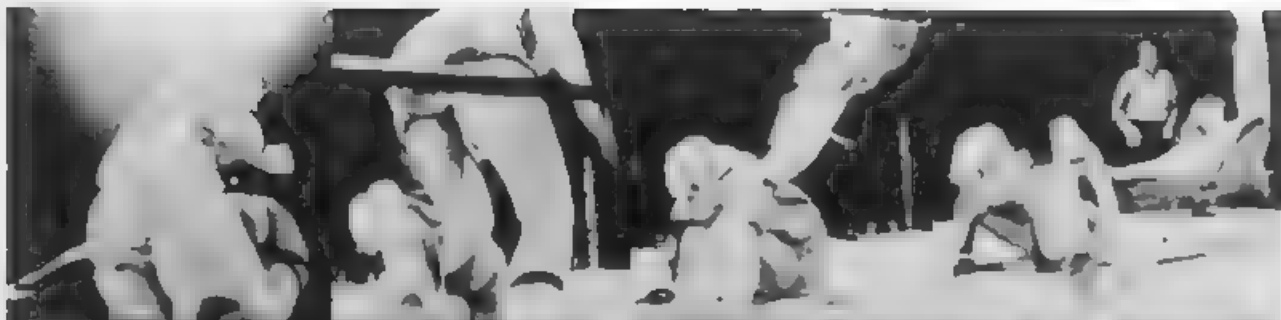


Above:
Vicki drop kicks Lesani Kai

Vicki Williams appeared on the U.S. pro scene in the late sixties just as the career of the great Judy Grable was drawing to a close. Like Judy, she combined shapeliness and sexua lity with dazzling athleticism and acrobatic skills. Indded, she was her natural successor, wrestling for some of her matches barefoot and others in boots.



Vicki and tag team partner Joyce Grable gang up on Lesani Kai with a double back elbow



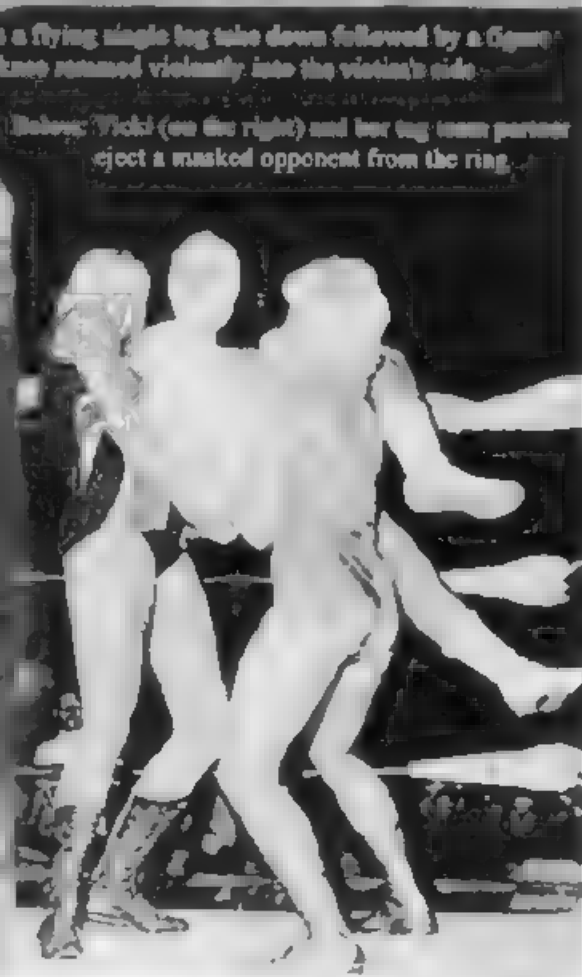
Above: Vicki demonstrates a flying single leg take down followed by a figure four leg lock with knee rammed violently into the victim's side.

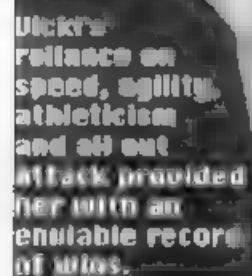
Below: Vicki (on the right) and her tag team partner eject a masked opponent from the ring.



Above: some poor unfortunate soul is about to receive a Boston crab.

Right: Vicki body slams Leilani Kai.





Wick's
reliance on
speed, agility,
athleticism
and all out
attack provided
her with an
enviable record
of wins.

Those who managed
to beat her generally
had a size advantage
and used the classic
'ladles' approach of
working on a specific
part of the anatomy
(provided they could
get hold of her first!)
then executing a
finishing hold.

Here, Wick took a
veritable arsenal of
back weakeners before
ending up in this
spectacular flying
surf board. We can only
imagine her agonised
screams as she takes
this excruciating back
breaking hold.

Below: Vicki poses a hammockback on Donna Christianella



Right:

Vicki screams amidst
the Fabulous Moolah



Below:

Vicki holds Der
Dotson in a figure
four whilst bringing
her left knee violently
into Dot's side



Above: Kitty Adams forearm smashes Vicki





Left: Terumi Sakura takes a
back breaker across
Vicki's knee

Right and below:
Donna Christianello works
on Vicki's left arm

A First Grapple

Part 1

It had been an interesting three months for Consort, he had met Beaker and a common passion for the fighting female had helped a friendship develop. Both had partners who shared their passion and interesting backgrounds that created tensions and rivalries between their girls. One such rivalry had flared between Beaker's babe Jackie and the sexy siren Juliet from the Tennis club resulting in the redhead receiving a severe mauling. Jackie had gone on to take her fighting passion to the ring and scored a first victory over Consort's former partner Val. That fight had been witnessed by Consort's new lady Sara a vivacious blonde who was eager to impress her man in the squared circle. These two events had been the beginning of a busy period for Consort: firstly Sara's eagerness needed to be tempered and controlled to train her for her first match. Secondly a phone call from Beaker led to Juliet being introduced and a second rookie to train. The two women worked hard although never together and were keen to test their new developed skills. Another series of phone calls set the match pro-style the first to five falls or submissions or a knockout to decide it in Consort's attic ring, the rationale being their inexperience was likely to produce short falls. They would fight for sixty minutes in total ten rounds with two minute breaks a pin or score would also give a two minute break before completing the time remaining in any round.

The morning of the bout dawned and Consort was soon busy preparing his girl mentally for climbing between the ropes. "You'll be fine, take your time use the moves you know" he warned her continuing "take charge quickly, don't let her settle." "Listen to yourself?" questioned the sexy siren "you're more nervous than I am. This is going to be great, neither of us has done this before but I have an advantage." "Oh, how so?" he responded. "I've been right to the edge, I saw Stephens and Williams close up and felt the buzz" the blonde tigress trilled. "That was not the same, that was a war" warned her man. "Yes, but I know I can do this and I'm doing for you" she concluded reaching for her man and beginning her warm up routine.

Six o'clock chimed as the doorbell rang Sara sprang to her feet and started for the door her nervous excitement peaking as the evening's activity approached. She opened the door to reveal Juliet accompanied by Beaker and his belle Jackie. The party was all there so Consort led them up to the ring directing the two wrestlers to the room at either end to prepare for the bout. Beaker and Jackie joined Consort for a drink and to share thoughts prior to the evening's main event. "Well? Is she ready?" quizzed Beaker indicating the doorway through which Sara had disappeared. "I think so," replied Consort, "she's worked hard and raring to go. My worry is she may be too confident and is already raring to get at Val and is probably not really thinking about Juliet. Talking of which how ready is Juliet?" "She's ready" came the reply, surprisingly from Jackie, "willing and able. Perhaps a little green occasionally but she also worked hard and will soon be a challenge to many opponents." "You included?" quizzed the host. "I don't think so, she tried once and lost" replied the blonde calmly, drawing raised eyebrows from the two men. Knowing looks passed between them, there was probably more to that little exchange than had been revealed. The opening of a door broke the moment. The three in the room looked up to see Sara bounce confidently into the room. Her exuberance livening the atmosphere as she sprang into the ring gently bouncing off the ropes and coming to a halt in her corner. The sexy blonde siren oozed sex appeal a daring black swimsuit hugged her wonderful figure clinging deliciously to her wonderful 32D bust. The costume cut high emphasised the wondrous curves of her 26 inch waist and 34 inch hips above her delightful well-toned legs. She stood confidently her nipples rigid with excitement clear to all as they thrust against the costume. Her long legs gently crossed as she leant against the corner padding waiting for her opponent.



The other room door opened and in came Juliet a calm controlled walk to the ring and gentle hop between the ropes to stand diagonally opposite the redhead in her own corner. Attention focused on the new arrival the taller redhead measuring a delightful 34B-28-36 standing a leggy 5'6 dressed sexily in a brief bikini. A red string top hugged her gorgeous well rounded boobs with multicoloured high hip cut briefs sensually hugging her lower curves. Round one to the visitor perhaps, Sara looked vindictively at Consort "You said " she started but he hushed her up "Looking good is one thing at the start, you'll still look this good at the end, babe. Now get ready " He calmed her before moving to centre ring "Well Ladies are you ready" As agreed ten six minute rounds with the first to five scores the winner. A score being a submission or a five count pin or a 10 second knock out will clinch victory. No clenched fist blows, eye gouging or biting otherwise no holds barred. A five second count to break holds on the ropes or lose the fall. To see fair play Jackie has agreed to referee the bout with Beaker and myself acting as seconds. The announcement of the referee drew him another look from his girl but no comment as the third woman was the obvious choice as the most neutral of the spectators.

The two men moved to the respective corners to support their charges. "You certainly win the fashion battle" began Beaker gently rubbing Juliet's neck "Jackie's idea put the other girl's back up early try to fire her into mistakes. I hope it works, I'm so nervous" she confided "Don't worry, she'll be as worned as you. Get straight in take charge you've trained hard now let's see if you've got what it takes to be a champion" he encouraged. Meanwhile Consort was exhorting his girl to similar efforts. "Right Sara this is it. Take her down the first step to being number one " "I'm going to whip her ass then you get me Williams and if that bitch gets out of line she's going down as well" she gestured towards Ms Stephens "Now, calm down one at a time Jackie is only refereeing and Juliet is your opponent today, focus on the job in hand" he warned while massaging her neck and shoulders running his hands down her body gently caressing the anger away

"Right ladies come out fighting" exclaimed Jackie setting the bell and auto-timer running. With a last pat of encouragement the two women advanced arms extended slowly circling. Jackie dressed in a figure hugging red body with matching leggings and trainers eased out to one corner to let the battle commence. The two rookie fighters were keen to impress yet neither wanted to be caught out early. They continued to circle as an expectant hush fell in the attic the only sound the gentle shuffle of sliding feet as the two grapplers warily looked for an opening. Sara suddenly lunged forward her hands reaching for and taking Juliet's arms at the wrist. She then swiftly fell back dragging her foe forward while raising her right foot to meet the woman's approaching belly and continuing her backward motion lifted Juliet over her body in a perfect monkey toss. The redhead sailed through the air to land heavily on her back in centre ring her arms splayed out, the swiftness of the move completely surprising her meaning she landed badly and lay still. "MOVE" screamed Beaker breaking the moment as Sara swiftly got to her feet to pursue her quarry. The curvy blonde was quick and followed up swiftly launching herself to drop a flying elbow into the redhead's guts before she could follow her second's advice. With a tremendous smack Sara landed, her elbow perfectly positioned to mash Juliet's stomach landing right in her navel, driving the air from Juliet's lungs at the rush, the redhead involuntarily sitting up as her insides were invaded. Sara again got swiftly to her feet. She "helped" Juliet to do the same by taking a thick handful of hair and hauling her to her feet.

"Way to go babe" encouraged Consort as his charge did exactly as directed taking charge from the start. Sara had delivered two technically excellent moves in the first two minutes and had the redhead completely at her mercy. She continued in text book format by releasing Juliet's hair and turning the woman round. She then threw Juliet's right arm over her own left shoulder and passed her own right arm through the woman's legs. Then she lifted her in a crotch hold swiftly

inverting her using her left arm to support her victim by the throat before slamming her on to her back in mid-ring. "Wow, now pin her" screamed Consort in admiration of his charge. Sara tried to oblige by falling across the downed woman's upper body pinning her arms. Jackie closed swiftly and started to slap the mat "Kick out, Bridge" bellowed Beaker who obviously got through to the redhead in time this time as she arched quickly defeating the count at three. Sara again tried to pin the redhead but Juliet was able to bridge one shoulder off the mat so the blonde sprang to her feet "Unlucky girl get her again don't let her recover" exhorted Consort as his woman seemed to be waiting.

Juliet rolled over and started to climb to her feet looking decidedly groggy. Sara was waiting and as the woman reached her feet and was beginning to straighten up, closed quickly raising her knee into the relaxed stomach before her. Juliet doubled up and was easy prey to Sara's follow up a swift side headlock. The blonde crushed the redhead to her hip and then using her free hand gripped the woman's pants and swiftly whipped her over in a suplex toss ensuring another bad landing for Ms Welton. Sara was truly in command and again was swiftly to her feet dragging the hapless redhead after her. Barely five minutes had passed and Sara was in total control she asserted her authority by whipping the redhead into the ropes, expertly turning her to deliver her victim back first so that she sprang back straight into a waiting forearm, a clothesline delivered with brutal efficiency. The redhead's legs snapped forward as her head was almost taken off by the blow and she did a full somersault crashing face first to the canvas. Beaker groaned as his charge met the mat untidily again the impact shaking the ring and winding the redhead again she rolled reflexively to her back as her breasts were crushed into the canvas. Before any further recovery could occur Sara piled on the pain a deadly leg drop across the throat ensured any residual resistance was defeated. Then a swift move to straddle her battered victim to complete the pin. Sara shifted so her bum crushed Juliet's breasts and her knees were able to pin her shoulders while her hands pinned her victim's wrists to the mat. "1,2,3,4,5, pin" counted the red clad referee as time expired in the first round and Sara led 1-0. She sat up and ran her fingers through her arm beaming at Consort glowing in the feeling of first success. "Fantastic, brilliant start Darling" he cheered. Sara looked down at the woman pinned beneath her milking in the sensation of dominance she felt. "I believe that's one nil" she teased as she climbed to her feet to return to her corner. Beaker was swiftly into the ring to help Juliet back to her corner and try to repair the mental damage of five minutes of torment. "Hey it's OK, she got lucky, take your time there's plenty of time to go. Come on deep breaths" he encouraged as the redhead sat in distress in her corner.

"Gorgeous" exclaimed Consort as his woman reached her corner leaning forward and kissing her with pure desire. "You were brilliant, your moves are so natural, don't let up now put her away for keeps" he declared. "It was fantastic" she replied. "Wow, I'm so turned on, the power is amazing," her excitement clear to all as Jackie announced the pin. "The first fall after five minutes and fifty five seconds of the first round to Sara." "Yes" exclaimed the red corner in triumph as Beaker did his best in the blue corner to motivate swift response from the mauled redhead. "There's plenty of time don't let her dictate the pace stay away from her until you're ready," he concluded as he massaged her neck and back under careful scrutiny from his wife, who was well aware of the potential of a corner's intimacy leading further. The tall blonde reset the clock and rang the bell. "Seconds out round two" she commanded and turned to centre ring. "Go get her, babe. Take it to her you're on top take her out" encouraged Consort patting the trim behind of his girl as she bounced out to meet her foe. "Remember take your time" implored Beaker likewise sending his charge back into combat the pat to her multi-coloured briefs not lost on the third woman patrolling the ring. Juliet warily moved away from her corner wanting to keep the blonde at a distance but the irresistible enthusiasm of Sara to mix it up made that wish impossible. Sara swiftly closed the gap and grabbed at her opponent Juliet tried to move away but was swiftly pursued by the rampant blonde.

The redhead backed herself into a corner, her novice nature not realising the danger she was now in. "MOVE" screamed Beaker again as the blonde closed in. Juliet seemed bereft of ideas and raised her arms to ward off the threat. Sara carefully measured her move and swiftly gained the initiative with a swift kick to the wide open belly of the almost panic stricken redhead, Sara's foot landing just above the woman's briefs again depriving the woman of air early in a round. The follow up was again measured as the redhead folded before her. Sara grabbed her right arm and hauling her out of the corner sped her across the ring at pace, another textbook manoeuvre a ring posting, Juliet arrived back first in the corner opposite. She crashed into the padding and dropped to her knees, her hands falling to the mat to prevent herself collapsing to the mat completely. Sara followed her over and grabbing her hair helped her to her feet. The blonde cupped her hand around the chin of the struggling woman and turned her head to face her tormentor. "You've got nothing left have you?" she challenged. "I'm wiping the floor with you and you can do nothing about it," she almost whispered into the woman's face before driving her right hand the short distance into the defenceless belly before her a straight fingered jab. Juliet would have doubled up but for the hand under the chin. She was still defenceless as Sara drove her right arm between her legs and gripping the back of her bikini briefs lifted her again. Sara turned to centre ring before slamming the redhead to the mat. Juliet landed spread-eagled and lay there gasping for breath. Sara turning back to the corner climbed the ropes obviously intending to wipe her opponent out with a flying body splash from the turnbuckle. "Get down, Pin her" screamed Consort aware of the risk his woman was taking. "Get off the ropes," warned Jackie starting to count a warning. "1,2,3" "Jules shift," barked Beaker as the sultry blonde leapt from the corner. Either by accident or design Juliet responded to the call and rolled her knees rising as she realised the danger. "Aaaargh" a scream rent the air and Consort groaned as Sara rolled across the ring clutching her belly, she had impaled herself on the redhead's knees.

Both women were in trouble as Jackie began to count them out, she reached six before either started to rise. She reached nine as each regained her feet in opposite corners, ironically the wrong corners, that was probably just as well as both seconds had views to express on the last few seconds of action. "Get her again" urged Consort. "Get moving, take her on" expressed Beaker as the women moved back into the ring, Sara a little less enthusiastically than before, her belly aching from her unintended landing, but still probably with more confidence. They reached for each other's hands and a test of strength, each strained their bodies, closing as each tried to dominate. The beating Juliet had been taking was the deciding factor as she started to struggle. "Gotcha" sniped the blonde seeing the redhead struggle and redoubled her effort. Sara suddenly dropped her arms dragging Juliet's hands to her sides and completed the move by raising her knee into the multi-coloured briefs. Juliet's face showed pure shock as the knee thumped into her womanhood, a boundary had been crossed and Sara had crossed it. "Oi" screeched Beaker indicating the alleged foul. "Nothing wrong there, no biting, gouging or fists" came the swift response from the referee, who was obviously enjoying this new twist. Sara continued to dominate. A second knee left Juliet helpless her hands clutching at her pain filled pants which allowed the fired up blonde to grab her in a bear hug. Sara bent backwards lifting Juliet's feet from the floor before dropping her onto an upturned knee in a stunning atomic drop. Juliet screamed and clutched herself curled in agony on the mat. A smile of satisfaction crossed the blonde's face as she easily rolled her victim on to her back and took the second pin. 2-0 Sara stood over her battered opponent triumphant accepting the applause of her beau and surprisingly the referee. To complete her domination to this point she claimed a trophy, whipping Juliet's top off leaving the redhead topless and helpless in centre ring clutching at her battered belly.



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TINA (ON TOP) AGAINST LIZ

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LYNN VICTORIOUS OVER RITA



It had been six months since the events occurred that had changed my life, the dramatic clashes between wife and mistress that had resulted in a renewing of the vows. (FGM 180-182) The reasons to start over had been easy enough to arrive at and a house move, fresh job and new surroundings had moved us to the Westcountry. My wife Jackie had found a new job and we had moved into an old house on the edge of the moors. Things had settled down and certain normality had returned. To keep active we joined a local tennis Club and Jackie continued with her Aerobics at the local sports centre. I must admit the tennis was fun a good crowd often playing in the evening before falling into a local pub for a few drinks, all very social and mixing well.

One evening I had gone to the club alone, Jackie was at aerobics, and was invited to make a four with a couple and a new member Juliet Welton. She was in her early forties and stood around 5'6" tall with a delightfully trim 34B-28-36 figure. A stylish bob-cut mop of rust red hair topped her figure and her long shapely legs completed the picture as she moved elegantly over to say hello. A cracking match later we all went to the pub for a drink. A charming evening completed with Juliet telling some great stories and having a good laugh. The only down moment being when she mentioned her husband. They had been married for about twenty years and he was about ten years older. He worked away in the week and disappointingly for her hated tennis. Jackie arrived in the pub after her class and joined us, she was introduced to the new member, and the evening continued well past closing time until the landlord closed up. When we arrived home Jackie suddenly announced. "Who was that tart?" She could not keep her eyes off you." "Who? Juliet, she has just joined the club her husband works away, that's why she was alone" I replied. "We'll she can stay alone" snapped my wife vindictively as she burst into the lounge her gorgeous 34D 24 32 frame swaying seductively. "Look, nothing is going to happen there. We've put those things behind us and started over" I replied. "Good, otherwise another bitch will bite the dust" this reply ending the conversation with conviction.

A couple of days later I went along to the club as usual while Jackie went off to aerobics. It was a grey evening with a hint of rain in the air so there was virtually no one on court as I arrived one group of four were playing their own match. I was about to leave when Juliet arrived. "Fancy a quick one?" she asked in a teasing manner then adding. "A quick knock up?" "Wicked girl," I replied "Go on then, I doubt if anyone else will come" "I don't want anyone else to come" she purred as we got on court. We had a gentle knock, she moved so well and obviously played lots of tennis. We both worked up quite a sweat smacking balls up and down and hardly noticed the others leave with the closeness of our struggle. "We'll catch you in the pub, get a round in" I called as they left. We finished a close set and went into the club. "You're playing well, I shall have to get you on court more often" she called as she headed towards the showers. "Yes, I would enjoy that" I replied "If your husband does not play and Jack's not so keen maybe we should pair up for matches?" "What a wicked thought" came the reply closer than I expected as I was in the gents changing room. Turning, I found myself face to face with her she was topless and was rubbing herself with a towel.

"It's not the only thing he doesn't do" she spoke as she leant towards me dropping the towel and kissing me passionately. "I want you, now" she whispered as she drew back offering a wonderful view of her fabulous figure. "You what?" I stammered completely taken aback by this turn of events. "I know you want me," she teased, "you were practically drooling in the pub the other night or is all the innuendo and jokes a front? I can't believe you're happy, you are always here and your wife doesn't play. Admit it you want me?" "I think you'll find he is quite happy as he is" came a steady voice from the doorway, Jackie stood staring daggers at the semi-naked scene before her. Juliet reached for her towel slowly turning crimson under the accusing stare. "No need to hide now bitch" Jackie snapped stepping forward and slapping the woman hard across the face. Juliet span around with the force of the blow and sank to her knees, one hand rubbing her smarting cheek.

"Hey, hang on Jack, what are you doing?" I asked. "This tart has had this coming from the moment I met her, now back off while I teach her a lesson." She reached down and grabbing a handful of red hair hauled the woman to her feet and ran her into the tiled wall of the shower space. There was a wet splat as Juliet was driven into the tiles and she slumped to the floor. Jackie turned back towards me and threw her jacket over, this left her dressed in a black leotard over some multi-coloured leggings, socks and trainers. Dressed for her aerobics she had obviously driven straight over. "You can stay out of this, I know nothing has happened between you and nothing will. This slut is going to regret making plays for my man."

She turned back towards her rival who surprisingly was back on her feet and facing her attacker. "Oh you'll fight for him then?" Juliet questioned as Jackie advanced again. "You'd better believe it, sweetheart" Jackie replied in a measured voice and supported the claim by lashing another cracking slap across the woman's face. Juliet was more prepared this time and returned the favour with a slap of her own. They then flew at each other hands grabbing handfuls of hair and knees and feet being used to unbalance the opponent. They tumbled to the ground and rolled over and over eventually stopped against the tiled wall. I stepped forward and turned the shower on, with a shriek the two she-cats rolled apart and stood up both soaked. "Now cool down both of you" I challenged. "Stay out of this, you. This is between me and the slut," warned Jackie pushing me away and turning to face her topless foe again. I stood back if that's what they wanted, and judging by the sensation below my waist what I craved, let them fight it out.

Juliet took the initiative and stepping forward threw a crisp right hook at Jackie's head the blow knocking my girl sideways. The redhead followed up by grabbing a handful of hair and slapping at the face of my wife. Jackie was able to weather this assault and suddenly struck a telling blow by driving her left fist firmly into the redhead's right breast. A scream indicated the shock of the blow as Juliet let go of the hair and cupped her breast and stepped slightly away.

"What's the matter bitch can't you take it in the tits?" challenged Jackie stepping forward and launching another fist full of pain into the woman, this time flattening her left breast into her chest. A look of bewildered shock crossed the suddenly pain filled face of the redhead as she now cupped both of her battered breasts. "Come on Bitch, I thought you wanted to fight for him?" challenged Jackie again slowly stalking the woman retreating before her. A crisp open palm slap echoed around the room as she slapped the woman.



As Juliet tried to duck away another slap cracked across her other cheek. Jackie grabbed a handful of hair and pulled the woman towards her completing the assault by driving her knee vindictively into the groin of her rival. Juliet would have collapsed to the ground but for Jackie's hand in her hair instead her hands flew to the latest pained sight on her body. Jackie having previously smashed the mistress that had taken her man was in no mood for compromise with this new threat for his affections and threw the woman against the wall. Reaching for the redhead's waist she pulled her tennis skirt off to reveal her victim clad in only a pair of multi-coloured tennis briefs. "Wow, real turn on pants. Who are you trying to impress with those?" taunted the dominant blonde as she backhanded the redhead across the face. Juliet slid along the tiled wall and slipped down to her hands and knees and tried to crawl away from the beating she was taking. Jackie stepped after her and helped her along with a firm kick to the briefs stretched taut across the firm backside of the redhead. Juliet slid across the wet floor and tried to climb to her feet, but Jackie was too quick. She arrived to assist the upward movement by grabbing a handful of hair and the waistband of the briefs. Jackie finished standing behind her victim, who was looking quite sorry for herself

Jackie let go of the woman and before she could move away wrapped her arms around the waist before her and squeezed. The reverse bear hug was anything but friendly as she crushed the redhead's stomach and for more effect heaved her enemy off the ground. After about thirty seconds of the rib crushing pressure Juliet's arms dropped weakly to her side and she seemed to be close to passing out, gasping for breath, as Jackie continued to crush her stomach. Suddenly the blonde dropped to one knee dropping the redhead's crotch perfectly onto her upturned right kneecap a perfect atomic drop. Juliet screamed and clutched at her pain filled pants as Jackie let her fall forwards onto the floor leaving the redhead in a crumpled heap moaning pitifully. Jackie walked slowly over towards me and hissed threateningly "Remember the last time you strayed? Do I need to beat it out of you again?" "No, nothing happened leave her alone" I pleaded. "Pathetic, isn't she no wonder you're uninterested. Maybe we should let Valerie work on her there would be more of a fight then. For now there is only pain. Get your things together we'll be leaving in just a moment" she concluded turning back to her prey

"Now then, the tramp of the tennis club do you understand what happens when you cross the wrong woman?" she taunted reaching down and hauling back on the woman's hair. "Get up" she added tugging on the red mane of her prey. Juliet slowly reached her feet and stood helpless before her arms weakly at her sides tears streaming down her face as the dominant blonde threatened her. Jackie let go of her hair and suddenly grabbed the woman's exposed breasts and twisted them viscously; Juliet's hands flew up and tried to prise the fingers away.

"When you fight use everything you've got to hurt your opponent. I personally think, there's no better way to humiliate, dominate, and embarrass an opponent than to maul her tits and smash her sex in." She complemented the statement by driving her knee into the defenceless woman's groin again. Juliet bumbled incoherently as her love life took a pounding but she could not fall as Jackie held her up by her breast flesh. "There are no rules if you go after another's man, nothing that can save you" she continued as she kneed Juliet firmly in the clitoris smashing this desirable zone into the bone.

Juliet made a sad mewling sound as Jackie vindictively set about her femininity setting out to break the woman's female spirit and reduce her to emotional jelly. Jackie let the woman's tits go angry red and white marks a testament to the clawing she had given them. A final knee crashed into Juliet's groin hard, low and central beating the woman's sexual organs to a pulp. To complete the humiliation process she ripped the pants from the woman now lying on the floor leaving her flat on her back and naked.

Jackie completed her victory by pulling hard on the soft wispy curls of hair between the battered legs of the redhead. "I think it's fair to say I've destroyed her sex and therefore I win" she mused lyrically wandering away and as a last act turning the showers on. Juliet lay naked and beaten as the water cascaded onto her battered body; she slowly stirred and began to rise as Jackie led me off to the pub. The tennis crowd was glad to see us, remarking that it was a shame Juliet could not join us and how glowing Jackie looked post her aerobics workout!

Juliet took sometime to recover and it was a while before I saw her at the club again. She was very wary of Jackie next time they were in the pub together, a silent understanding had been reached between them. One particular evening, only the three of us remained in the bar Juliet apologised to Jackie, who accepted. The redhead then went on to reveal that she had never really had a fight before, she had once given some girl a slap in a night-club but that was it. She had been thinking heavily about the beating metered out by Jackie and stangely felt turned on by the violent sexual fight and wondered what it could possibly mean. Jackie gave her the short version of how she had ending up learning the ropes and offered her a couple of phone numbers, where she might be able to pick up some pointers. "There is also this guy Consort who might be a help," Jackie concluded.

Later at home I quizzed her on who this Consort bloke was. "Oh I met him through Valerie when I started to train properly. He offered to take me to an apartment fight evening and possibly even arrange a bout for me" she confided. "What, why?" I stammered surprised at this admission. "Well Juliet was right you get a buzz, you've seen me fight admit it the fights turned you on. I want to prove myself that I am the best - Beaker's Champion. That way I'll know you will stay mine."

So that is how it began the desire to fight and to please. The thrill of competition, the triumph and pleasure of victory and no doubt the pain and misery of defeat. Juliet also has the bug and she too is setting out on the road to physical competition, no doubt determined to be number one. For Juliet success is everything and no doubt this means a return with Jackie is in the future. That fight and others will have to wait for another time.

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FIGHTING EXPERIENCES

Dear Editor,

In my case, the thrilling experience of witnessing a fight between two ladies has indeed been a privilege enjoyed on very few occasions. In my life long obsession the next best thing has been to hear eyewitness accounts, read newspaper reports or even just know that a fight took place.

The latter type of third hand information can in itself be quite tantalising. As an example, many years ago there was a lorry drivers' strike. This rendered some items of merchandise in short supply in the shops. A meagre delivery of butter being placed on display in a Doncaster supermarket had created a scrum as shoppers jostled. Amid the pushing and shoving two women had forgotten the butter and were occupied in a full blown fight.

With such lack of detail and information, imagination has to take a hand but I would suggest the fact a fight took place between two South Yorkshire housewives (probably) in a supermarket in front of a large audience is quite exciting in itself.

A newspaper report which stands out in my mind told of a wedding in Gretna Green. The bride was only sixteen and her family were unaware of the wedding. The bride's mother first saw news of her only daughter's marriage in a local paper in Shipton, North Yorkshire. She immediately went to confront the newly weds. She was met by the groom and his mother. The groom was rendered helpless by a swift kick in the groin. The bride's mother then pushed the groom's mother into the bushes. Her adversary climbed out of the shrubbery and with the male distraction incapable, the main event began as the two women got to grips and fell in the garden wrestling on the ground. The article didn't disclose how the fight ended so without disclosing a winner I assumed it was a well matched pairing.

The article I saw showed a photo of the bride's mother but not her opponent.

On the various TV chat shows women often tell of confrontation with other females. On one about jealousy, a Scottish lady in her late 30's told of her fear that her husband was always flirting even though he was not. She would often go over to a woman he had spoken to introduce herself. Asked by the show's host how far would she go, the lady said that if another woman had the nerve to challenge her she would be happy to have a scrap.

After years of trying to match females in competitive action here was a very attractive, petite lady quite willing to fight just for a challenge.

Last week after a covert approach to the subject of ladies' fighting a work mate told me of one experience she had. She was the manageress at a car hire firm. While at the front desk dealing with a customer another lady was working at a desk behind her. She was talking heatedly to a colleague on the

phone and finally slammed down the phone. Moments later a lady came in from outside and slammed her fist on the desk of the woman on the phone. They were according to my friend jabbering at each other in colourful language. Shoving and elbowing started and the lady seated at the desk stood up to face her colleague. The manageress excused herself from the customer and grabbed both the ladies' arms, ushered them into the corridor and then into the back office. She was just telling them to stop it when the lady who had come in from outside slapped the other's face. All hell broke loose, the two ladies sprang at each other punching and kicking. Next they had grabbed each other's hair and were on the floor kneeling on each other as they rolled round the office. My friend couldn't stop them and had to fetch a man in to separate them.

In this situation it is quite difficult to question further without being obvious.

If the story was being related by a fellow female fight addict you could ask how it lasted? How old they were? What were they wearing? Were their skirts riding up? Unfortunately fans of female confrontations either are unwilling or unable to exchange their experiences judging by the lack of response to the adverts. Perhaps everyone these days is on the Internet exchanging views and experiences.

Personally I would like to see more correspondence in the pages of FGM. I hope there are people who enjoy parts of this letter but I would love to read of others' experiences.

Yours sincerely

A.S. North Yorkshire





PUYAL

CRUSHED VELVET

PART ONE

THE CORNERMAN

The big, busty blonde in yellow trunks looked impressive in her corner, her black hoots braced out, her nice legs just astride and her black gloves resting along the top rope either side of the corner. "You sure you can take her? She's a muscular bitch and a good head taller than you" I said to the brunette boxerette in my charge. "Watch me!" she said and responded to the bell. She ducked and weaved beneath the blonde's guard and hammered home a fusillade of lefts and rights to the guts drawing a startled cry and an explosion of air. Driving the bigger blonde babe back into the ropes, her head still down, fists flashing like pistons to the red marked area just above the waist band of the yellow trunks, my fighter was relentless in her punishing attack.

The crowd were on their feet, screaming for the brunette to batter the blonde to bits and her fans for her to retaliate. The hunched figure in the black velvet trunks stepped back as the female in the yellow pants fell back onto the ropes. Rebounding, she swayed forward into the path of a right upper-cut that threw her head back over the top rope, the big woman fell forward, knees buckling to lay prostrate at the feet of my fighter.

The ref didn't count but walked over to the little brunette with the tightly curled hair and held Elaine's hand aloft, announcing: "By a knock-out in the first round the winner is Miss Elaine Cotton!"

"That's the third first round knock-out in a row" I exclaimed. "And the sixth win by knock-out in my last six bouts." Elaine proudly boasted as she thrust out her chest for me to towel down her tits. Spitting her gum-shield into the pail beside us, she turned and acknowledged the cheering crowd, stepping over the blonde's second, still trying to get his woman to sit up. Her manager stormed in to help get his girl out, glaring at the victorious Elaine as he passed, no doubt financially embarrassed by her defeat.

"You were marvellous. You vicious little munt" I teased as I draped her gown over her shoulders to walk back to the dressing rooms. "Well, let me have another go at that cheating whore of a wife of yours, then!" she responded. "I'll show you vicious then! I'll mark and maim her so she remembers me this time. To think I went easy on her face for you and then she jumps me when I'm taking my reward! The cheating cow!" she snarled in a manner that made my blood run cold. "I'll bloody murder her".

"No you won't. You two aren't going to climb in the ring again. No way!" I replied, half wanting to see them scrap once more but equally fearful of the effect of Elaine's tremendous punching power on Kris's face and figure.

As I drove the delectable Miss Cotton home, she pleaded with me to allow her to challenge Kati to a winner takes her man contest and to re-enforce her claim she took me right then and there!

Kristine remarked how tired I looked when I got in but I explained it had been a long fight and a lengthy drive home. "I don't trust that Elaine she's still after you, despite me seeing her off twice" she went on. "She thinks she'd won and that you jumped her to gain your advantage in the last match!" I repeated craftily. "She was the one taking the advantage. With you if I remember correctly" she snorted! "Just tell her to keep her paws off my property!"

"I will but she's real powerful now, been training really hard and I wouldn't want her to mess you up" I replied. "Her and whose army?" scoffed Kris. "Perhaps I ought to teach her a lesson anyway", she said as we cuddled up in bed, "Aren't I the better woman?"

I agreed, hoping my second match of the evening wasn't going to be as strenuous as the first.

Elaine took me to her garage when I collected her for her next match and proudly showed me her heavy sand filled punch-bag now adorned with a large photocopy of Kris's face that was already ripped and worn where it had been hit. Red lines were crudely drawn above and below each of Kati's eyes. "Just to let you see where I intent to cut her pretty face" she cooed sexily in my ear. "I'll cut her to ribbons and bleed the cow to a slow, painful, defeat. She'll crawl and beg me to I put her lights out" Miss Cotton dreamed out loud, before she punched the bag savagely. With a crash it broke free of its chains, hitting the floor in a cloud of dust.

"Just like her .. a sack of sand" Elaine said, kicking it with feeling. Turning to me she pressed me against the wall and wrestled her tongue down my throat before we left for her bout. "She'll meet me" Elaine repeated my words. 'The stupid sucker! I'll kill her!'" Elaine couldn't contain her wild elation. "Then you'll be mine...she'll have no-one, no looks and no future This is wonderful news". She pawed me all the way to the hall for the evening's match and I felt sorry for the youngster she was due to face as I prepared 'K.O.Cotton' for her bout.

The young brunette was a good trim figure of a girl with muscular arms, short cropped hair, firm round boobs contained in a purple bikini and tall white boxing boots. Her seconds were lacing on the blood red 12oz match gloves following the official's examination of them and the girls' bandaged hands.

"You're going to see exactly what I'm going to do to Kris to-night One gutted, gory ground down girl is going to be carried from this ring, man. Watch and weep for your wifey, Darling" the perfectly formed brunette snapped, punching her fists together as she waited for the bell. 'Don't she's too young and pretty" I pleaded for her opponent as Elaine swung out to meet her for round 1. 'Not for long" was the reply from the departing Miss Cotton.

Elaine was wearing a pair of deep blue crushed velvet Lonsdale boxing trunks, blue lace up boxing boots, red regulation gloves and no bra. A blood red gum shield filled her pretty mouth making her pout more than normal and her ringlets of dark, almost black, brunette hair bounced as she swung and punched her way across the white square that was the ring. She parried with the youngster, taking two or three good blows herself, without ill effect, which clearly disturbed the girl throwing the leather.

Elaine clinched, bringing her glove up under the brunette's left tit and prodding it "Uncover them sweetheart! I like to see what I'm hitting" she whispered to her rival. Standing back and pushing off the twenty year old, Elaine's right crushed the purple draped orb deep into its owners rib-cage to a howl of pain. The lethal left cross, spun the girl so she had her back to Miss Cotton who obligingly dug a punch hard into the poor bitch's kidneys. Dropping to her knees the girl took a count of eight before rising and facing Cotton to hearty cheering from her fans.

The referee wiped her gloves, stood back and had to almost start a count again as Elaine's fists smashed instantly into the unguarded and previously unmarked face. With a squeak the young woman sat on her bum looking up at Elaine who before the official could stop her swung a wicked right hander into the up turned face, drawing a trail of blood from the girl's nose.

She was booed solidly by the crowd as she wiggled her way to a neutral corner and beamed down at me. Allowed to recover, without a count, the young girl stood angrily, as the ref ordered 'Box on', a trickle of blood marring her features. The next six punches from Elaine weren't met with any defence and all smashed into the brunette's face raising lumps, bumps and bruises that Miss Cotton would exploit later. They briefly exchanged several blows and then as if tired of her foe, Elaine put her on her back for the third time. Stretched out, arms flung wide, her nipples rising like organ stops, her right knee drawn up, I



hoped that she wouldn't make the count or her corner would throw in the towel but the bell ended the round

"Just finish her, save your savagery for someone who can match you" I begged Elaine. "What like you reckon your Kristine can?" she sneered. "Why she can't even keep her man in her bed. Can she? She added and shut me up. The youngster's corner team were working hard on her and glancing angrily across at us as they cleared her nose and tried to protect her face.

"Seconds away...Round 2" was called and Miss Cotton walked slowly to meet the brunette boxer who had hesitated mid-ring. "Scared already" Elaine smirked as she let the girl take a pot shot, almost sticking her chin out. Then with her guts exposed my fighting machine ripped her right up into the soft young belly, folding her opponent over her fist whilst she clubbed her to the back of the head with her left. My female fist fighter stood over the gutted, grovelling girl on the canvas as the ref pushed her away backwards. The crowd were now very hostile toward Miss Cotton but she couldn't have cared less.

On her feet unsteadily at seven, the youngster dropped to her knees for another count of eight before Elaine could get at her. She tore savagely at the kid's face cutting her beneath her right eye, bruising her left eye heavily and splitting her bottom lip in a gush of crimson gore. She got up on reaction and the ref checked her vision and let the girls get on with it. Four gut crushing blows hammered the young woman back into the ropes where Elaine worked on her body, face and breasts till she slid between Elaine and the ropes to coil up on the floor.

"Back! Back off!" ordered the ref as he began his count. The brave but foolish girl was struggling to rise, to defend herself, to prove her worth (pride or honour) against a merciless pro like Elaine 'Killer' Cotton. "Stay down" I called and she looked at me as if I were asking her to throw the match and got to her feet. Elaine closed her left eye with two sharp, crisp punches and splattered her pretty turned up nose across her soft, pink, china doll face. Holding the girl up in a clinch Elaine threw her into the ropes and worked on her as she hung there, helpless, wide open.

Miss Cotton threw up the girl's defence with both her gloves, then drove a right straight into the bare belly. The bell stopped the slaughter as the youngster's knees hit the floor.

She was still on her knees on the canvas as the bell started round 3, bleeding, perspiring, heaving as if sobbing at her own stupidity for picking this sport.

"Get up girl and face me!" ordered Elaine as the ref's arm held her off. He wiped the brunette's gloves and let them at each other. Elaine pounded the soft tender flesh inside the purple bikini until it was bruised and sore.

Her opponent was a shambling broken woman whom everyone was wishing Miss Cotton would either leave or put out of her misery. Elaine tried hard to cut the girl's closed left eye and was near to closing the right when at last the official, with a nod from her corner, stepped in and stopped Elaine's fun. The youngster turned to protest to her corner and collapsed into her second's arms virtually out on her feet.

Elaine paraded the ring her arms aloft, proud, brutal, all woman as the ref announced the fact he'd stopped the bout and awarded it to Miss Cotton. We made a fairly nasty trip to the dressing room and home to the comfort of Elaine's house. "Just think of what I'll do to you when I've wiped out the Katt!" she murmured softly wiping the bloody, sweet smelling, damp leather of her gloves around my face.

"I'm disappointed" she said, "I only cut her face once, that's pathetic! Still there's time for plenty more practice before I meet Kris!"

"Did you really need to let that Cotton bitch do that to that poor child?" Kris lectured me. "I'd have stopped her." "Good because that's exactly what I've planned for you to do. Face her! Stop her once and for all, will you?" "Yes and I'll keep you, no matter what she thinks too" she



snarled in a beautifully sensual way that made me tingle with excitement at the pure prospect of the fight. "You don't have to fight her to keep me" I assured her lovingly. "But we'll have to do some work on your stomach"

"Hey, I'm not that out of shape!" she laughed. "No, but it needs to be able to withstand her punching power. You've not seen her for some time, she's worked on her fists and her arms so close in she's lethal" I reminded her. "To even it out I'm going to doctor your gloves"....

"No!", she interrupted. "Yes, you're not facing her at a disadvantage. I like your face just the way it is and that's that" I told her firmly.

I didn't tell her about the targets my evil Elaine was going to make of her eyes nor the fact the brutal battering the youngster had received tonight was a dress rehearsal for their bout. But I hadn't told Miss Cotton of the nice pair of brass bands I'd had made to slip over Kris's knuckles under her bandages so she had even chance to slice Elaine's round face too.

"I'll wear those black velvet Lonsdale trunks she left behind last time. It'll show her who won won't it?" And drive her into a frenzied blood lust to finish you completely, I thought, but kept to my-self "I've got you a new mid-calf pair of black patent boxing boots ready with your initials on" I told her and these little black 12 ouncers, marked as 8's so she'll think you're on the same terms. However you'll be able to hit harder with the extra padding while she'll feel her power on her knuckles and pull back her punches... saving you" I explained and Katt looked concerned at what she considered cheating tactics. (The silly girl!)

Katt then washed her hair through with a dark colouring so it shone deep and black in the lights of the gym as she stood in the corner in a gold silk ¾ robe awaiting the entry of the ever exciting, explosive Elaine. The black curly haired fighter bounced to the ring as I feasted my eyes on her bouncing boobs jutting through the ever widening gap in the front of her blue and white boxer's dressing gown with 'K O Cotton' across its blue satin back. I smiled as I saw she was wearing the blue, thinly padded, supposedly 8 oz gloves I'd prepared and she grinned back revealing the blood red gum-shield over her perfect white teeth.

"These bands will cut into my fists" Kris whispered as I balled her black gloves into fists and slid off her gown. "They won't but hopefully they'll cut into her. Wipe her out...please" I begged her and leaving her jogging in her corner strode across to Miss Elaine Cotton.

"Why's she wearing my trunks?" she sneered. "I believe you left them in our ring last time Sweetheart!" I replied. "Then I'll strip them off her and take them back later. She'll not want a pair for a long time after tonight!" she angrily retorted. "You'll be tugging yours off too. Won't you?" I cheekily asked.

She stepped back, pouted a kiss, as I removed her blue and white robe to reveal her deep blue velvet trunks, a longer than normal leg cut for a girl boxer, I thought, with a matching blue silk waist band and side stripe...down which was spelt Elaine. She weighed her breasts seductively in her little gloves as she awaited the bell.



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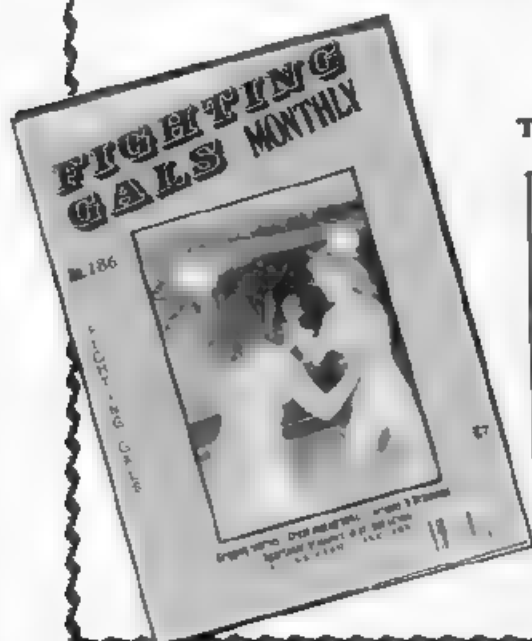
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THE EDUCATION OF EVE

By Consort and S P Eider

PART ONE

When Eve announced that she was going to leave the Dojo to, as she put it, 're-address some issues that have arisen in my life' and 'to see what if anything, fighting women in the outside world have to offer or teach me' her students and companions were at first surprised and then, depending on how well they liked her, distraught and wishing her well or glad to see her go

So it was that this stunningly attractive twenty-nine year old came to be with her man at this fight party watching two middle aged housewives go at it, stripped down to their bras and briefs. The guests arrived in pairs but didn't necessarily stay in their couples, it was clearly acceptable, if not traditional behaviour for a woman who had taken a strong fancy to another's husband around the drinks table or in the garden, to challenge the guy's wife to a free for all fight, the winner to get him

In the centre of the cleared room brunette Barbara and slinky blonde Julie were fighting engaged in a fairly furious battle for Barbara's hubby. Vincent (who incidentally, from the expression on his face, seemed to be enjoying proceedings enormously). It was a hot night and both women were well into it, squeals and slaps punctuating the air as nearly naked bodies slicked with sweat and bra straps slipped down the combatants' arms. Julie's pink C cup in particular was struggling to keep its owner's budding beauties safely housed. Small hanks of hair, extracted without anaesthetic, littered the floor

'You could beat either of these tarts with one hand tied behind your back' whispered Eve's companion, his eyes straying from the squealing females in the room centre to the formidably curvy dark haired beauty's cleavage as it disappeared in a trail of glory into her short, figure hugging, black dress

Eve smiled and purred agreement as Barbaba defending her man desperately took her sexual rival's rising knee full in the bulge of her fetching blue panties. Julie repeated the knee to the older woman's belly, lower this time and as Barbara's hands dropped to protectively cover her crotch, raked her nails down the handsome big breasted woman's face, making sure as Barbara screamed, that the man she was throbbing for wouldn't find his own wife's looks very enticing that night. It ended with Julie's bare fist mulching Barbara's nose badly as she knelt helplessly. And before the big woman could keel forwards onto her substantial bosom Julie was making a beeline for her beaten rival's man.

The applause, whistles and catcalls filled the room with short skirted women attractively done up to the nines, joining in with as much enthusiasm as the men. Eve found her eyes

meeting those of a profoundly busty blonde a few years older than herself who was watching her from across the room. She returned the gaze in a level stare.

'Who's the big blonde slut next to the table?' she said out of the corner of her mouth.

'That? Oh, that's Eileen Barnes' came the reply. Eve gave him a blank look, the sort that said 'So, am I supposed to be impressed?'

Her male friend expanded with some enthusiasm she noticed. 'She's a class act in fighting circles. Rough, sexy, full-bodied and she's game for everything. You name it,' he went on 'boxing, wrestling all-in brawls – Eileen's bloody good. She's one tough lady.' 'Yeah right' Eve gave him a cruel, thin lipped smile. Then slowly 'You really say she's good?'

They looked across at the voluptuous curves of Miss Barnes. Eileen wore a simple but expensive white dress, cut to accentuate her heavy, eye-catching appetising 42 inch breasts and those powerful, good child bearing hips. The belly was flatter than he remembered it, the skirt short enough to invite mental teasing. And the strong, shapely blonde's legs were bare, powerful and clearly shapely.

'I'd enjoy making mincemeat of her' Eve pronounced softly but firmly.

'Why don't you?' he said. 'Why not indeed' The two women, ignoring all others in the room were already moving towards each other, on a head-on collision course.

'Is she trained?' Eve asked as Eileen, all eyes swivelling to what was clearly an unspoken conflict in the making between

the well known abundantly physical blonde and the confident, dangerous looking sleek beauty of the newcomer, the short haired brunette.

'In the way you mean, no' came the reply, 'but don't underestimate her. She's a dangerous, vicious bitch when the chips are down'. 'Sure' Eve said in that tone women use when they aren't listening to a word. And the two strikingly imposing females squared up to one another.

'As you're the new girl here' Eileen's voice was positively silky, 'I thought I'd come over and welcome you. I hear you're quite a fighter. Anyone here you fancy showing us your skills with?'

It was blindingly obvious what the busty blonde was doing. Issuing a challenge to put the newcomer in her place. Eve's smouldering eyes darkened as she put her hands on her hips, thrusting out her bust.

'Yes, you' she said softly, but half the room heard her. Eileen raised an eyebrow mockingly.

'Oh, really? Are you sure? I have quite a record here.'

'Well it looks to me like the needle's stuck – maybe in some of that flab you call a paunch.' Eve retorted smartly. 'Let's see you dance to my tune, you big bitch.'

After that of course, it was war.

'How'd you like this beating you're asking for?' Eileen was positively hissing, the steam almost coming out of her ears. 'Oh, to give you a chance, let's make it all in.' Eve replied contemptuously. 'That way you can try me with the best you've got before I kick your cunt up your throat.'

This time the men got between them before one or the other of their respective ladies started a clawing catfight then and there.

Ten minutes later, the arena cleared, the two combatants emerged to muted gasps and whistles - from both sexes! Both women had had their magnificently feminine bodies lightly oiled so that large breasts and flat stomachs glistened.

Eve was in black, a small, crotch hugging thong clinging to the swell of her belly and sliding wonderfully between two firm, utterly feminine buttocks at the rear. Great legs strode, hips swayed to ring centre as her upper body with her shoulders back emphasised those two amazing, forthright boobs swelling generously and bounding lightly, the darkened nipples already erect, stubby tips. Her lips were slightly parted and her hair, short and dark, bobbed prettily. All in all, she was a knockout, the most physically stunning woman in the room and she knew it

Not that Eileen was a poor second. For a woman a few years Eve's senior, she carried her physical presence, her sexual desirability like a burning torch. Blonde curls bounced around a pretty rounded face, her lips distinctly inviting, her eyes likewise and her only item of clothing for the battle to come was an equally small pair of red briefs, a thong that accentuated the bulge of the blonde's virile pussy and thick nest of pubic hair. Good legs (not as good as Eve's, I have to say) and the lady's most substantial landmarks, her unbra'd breasts, two magnificent mounds, a full 42c in all their cleavage rounded glory, bounced lightly, provocatively above a fairly flat midsection (the lady had taken off some weight in the winter months.) All in all these were two incredibly sexy women, physically well matched and one hell of an eyeful for everyone present.



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There was a lot of hasty exchanging of odds and bets and the respective fighters, the betting favouring the bigger blonde as the known quantity. Indeed several of the females in the room could give first hand evidence of just how rough and powerful the wide pussed Barnes broad could be !

'Go get her' Consort hissed in Eileen's ear. 'Demolish the blousy broad,' were the words echoing ardently in Eve's as the opening bell went and out they leapt like two wildcats, circling, tongues running round half open mouths, claws half-clenched, eyes on one another, knowing that this was going to be quite some fight, but little realising what a brutal series of keenly contested battles this was to set in motion...

Eve immediately feinted a punch at Eileen's still good looking face, threatening the blonde's make-up. As the blonde older woman stopped moving for a second and her guard began to go up defensively so the dark haired sensei switched targets, along with weight transferred onto her right leg. The snap kick that exploded into the big blonde's belly came from a sharply straightened left leg, shapely as hell. What shook Ms Barnes, literally, was the force with which the base of Eve's bare foot sank into her fleshy lower midsection.

The older woman gushed out air and started to fold over, her big breasts wobbling in time with the curve of her upper body. She made a clawing attempt to catch hold of Eve's head, to pull her hair and squeeze those pretty brains but the black thonged beauty pulled free with ease and seeing Eileen's powerful thighs rather unwisely apart, powered

the heel lower into the bulge of Miss Barnes's crotch.

The slap of her pubic charms did Consort's woman no favours. She cried out, reaching down with both hands to protect her sexuality, alas, not quick enough as Eve, a malicious smile on her Face, steadied the bigger woman by gripping hold of her ears and then brought her knee up between Eileen's legs. 'Aaargh!'

The older woman crumpled her knees buckling and both her hands attentively trying to ease the damage done in her most intimate area, as she slammed to her knees before the cruel, firmer breasted sensei. Eve coolly put her hands on her hips, thrust her shoulders back and knowing that every man's eyes in the room were on her, this time drove her kneecap with crunching force into the centre of the Barnes's woman's face. Eileen howled, twisted and went down heavily on her side, blood oozing thickly from her nostrils. With what could only be described as contempt, Eve paraded around her rival, savouring the whoops and cries urging her on to more violent mayhem coming from some of the crowd (and not only the men.) .

A quick feint again, this time at Eileen's head and Eve's bare foot was striking like a snake into the older woman's kidneys. As the red thonged bitch was preoccupied with that, the glamorous black belt was easily hauling Eileen to her feet by a trusted hand deep in her hair. Feeling the urge to humble this big slut, the black haired beauty crushed the blonde's larynx with a pounding forearm smash to the throat and as Eileen rocked back in the ropes, Eve hurtled two bare knuckle uppercuts into the softened undersides of the big woman's ripe breasts.

It was all one way traffic.

'Call yourself a fighter?' Eve sneered, slicing the side of her hand into the nerves either side of Eileen's neck. "A fourteen year old novice could beat the crap out of you!" As if to emphasise her statement, she pinned the blonde to the corner post and drove her fists repeatedly into Eileen's sexual areas, her crotch and rapidly bruising breasts. Then as Barnes's knees began to give, the sensei picked up her opponent with one hand between her legs, the other wound round her chest and body slammed the bigger woman in a pile-driving crash in the mid ring.

Those who had held back on their betting had little doubt now where to place their money – if they could get odds. A few faithful fans of the busty blonde accommodated them but without doubt things looked serious for Consort's lady. She was a brawler up against a highly trained disciplined craftswoman, that was clear. And the blonde's usual advantages – low cunning, her weight, knowledge of every foul in the book and an unprincipled willingness to use them – seemed to be of little use to her here. To put it bluntly, Eve was wiping the floor with her. For good measure Eve dropped her weight on the inside of Eileen's right thigh and rising, twisted Miss Barnes's foot outwards and away from its owner at forty-five degrees. The busty blonde hammered the canvas helplessly with her fists, her face twisted in suffering a travesty of her former self.

Eve turned to her man.

'She's a pathetic wimp' she snarled, 'if nobody stops this slaughter, her blood

will be all over the floor when I'm through.

Women are a wonderfully sadistic species and she had the urge to humiliate Eileen even further than by giving her a beating.

She turned back to find Eileen had made it up to her knees. Eve gave her a wintry smile that never reached her eyes and looked forward to giving the other woman two swollen shiners that would Eileen's seductive blue eyes. One of the blonde's hands was cradling her damaged tits. Oh, easy meat, the attractive raven thought swaying in and stretching out her hands to resume contact with the slut's coarse blonde hair.

But Eileen wasn't quite as innocent nor as dumb a blonde as all that! She lashed out with her free hand, bunching into a fist and sweeping it up in an arc in what was indelicately known as the cunt punch.

'Aaargh!' mouthed Eve as waves of raw agony speared upwards through the insides of her body. And she turned away, clutching her pussy. Behind her Eileen was up and now very definitely out for revenge. An arm snaked round her throat, four kidney punches went in to cruel effect. Eve, thrusting out her pelvis was then hurled forward in a body check against the corner post. Three times Eileen smashed her torso up against the padding as if to see which could take it best. Each time the black thonged beauty's outstanding bare mounds took the worst of it, being pounded flat as pancakes.

Unable to help herself, Eve wailed and clutched at her breasts. They felt as though they were on fire. And Eileen took her, between the legs and under the chin from behind,

shoulders in a backbreaker. Suddenly it was the all powerful black belt champion who was thrashing in pain, then being body slammed to the canvas and viciously kicked in the tits. Eve rolled, trying frantically to protect herself and regain her feet, realising Belatedly that this bitch was tougher than she'd thought and she had a real fight on her hands.

To be continued.....

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